

his unoffending neighbor, though he does not appear to have inflicted an equally severe punishment upon his own stupid head as upon that of his fellow lodger. On descending to his own room he found his wife fast asleep in his own bed. The poor neighbor overhead was the worst off of the whole party. He was soundly buffeted, and his swollen and disfigured face did not allow him for several days afterwards to venture abroad.

**Counterfeit Notes.**—\$10 notes on the Commercial Bank of Cincinnati, made payable to Wm. M. Wales, dated Oct. 12, 1836, Wm. S. Hatch, cashier, are in circulation. The genuine notes in that year are signed by James Hall, cashier.

Counterfeit \$10's on the Petersburg Branch of the Bank of Virginia, payable to John P. May, dated July, 1832, also, \$5's of the Lynchburg Branch of that bank, and \$5's of the Charleston Branch, the last without numbers or letters, are in circulation.

A short time since, Mills, the indefatigable officer of Akron, who has been a terror among the counterfeiters, got information of a gang at Columbus, went on, discovered and captured them, with their plates apparatus, &c. Among the plates obtained we learn, is one on which the \$2 bills on the "Farmer's Bank," dated Canton, were printed.

**Sadness.**—There is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over spirit. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreat of the solitude. Its power is like supreme over the weak and iron-hearted. At one time it is caused by the sitting of a single thought across the mind. Again a thought will come booming across the ocean of the memory, gloomy and solemn as the death-knell, overshadowing all the right hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence? Still it is a delicious sort of sorrow; 'tis like a cloud dimming the sunshine of the river, although casting a momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness.

**The Battle of Waterloo.**—The drama of the battle of Waterloo was about to be produced at a theatre in an English seaport town. Numbers of supernumeraries were wanted to fill the ranks of the French and English forces; and some of the sailors belonging to the numerous ships in the harbor were mustered for the required purpose. At rehearsal each supernumerary received a numbered ticket, and was expected to answer when that number was called, that he might be instructed in the duties assigned to him. Number 7 was named, but an answer was not forthcoming. "You are number 7, I believe," said the stage-manager to a big whiskered long tailed tar. "Exactly." "Why did you not answer to the call?" "Bill Sykes is number 4; you've shored him into the enemy's squad; now we've sailed masted and fust together for twenty years, and we're not going to be enemies now." Remonstrance was useless; the holder of number 8 was induced to change numbers with Bill Sykes, and the numbers were not divided.

When a portion of the jolly tars were told that they were to represent Frenchmen, they one and all indignantly refused. "It was disgrace enough to have sold as soldiers, but they'd be blessed if they'd pretend to be Mousmears at any price, or put on the enemies' jackets." The manager was compelled to procure landmen for Napoleon's army. But the night ended in a row; the sham fight broke into a real battle; muskets were clubbed and heads broken, and numbers 7 and 8 were given into custody of the police, as ringleaders of a dangerous riot.

Number 7, when before the magistrate thus defended himself:

"Why, your honor these sky-larking fellows of players gets half a dozen old muskets, two or three fowling pieces, and a pair and a half of pistols, with half a pound of powder in a paper, and they call it the battle of Waterloo—gammoning Bill Sykes and me to put on a lobster's jacket apiece, and fire off these ere muskets, what an old eyed purser in a corner had been adding with a 'baccy pipe full of powder, and Bill Sykes and I, and Joe Brown, and six more were the British army, and opposite us were some 6 or 8 land lubbers, a hatching the mountaineers. The skipper of the show people told us, when we'd squibbed off all our muskets over the mountaineers' heads, to retire backwards, as if retreating from the French. In course this here was hard work for Jack Tars who served their country for 20 years, to be told to run away from half a dozen land lubbers a pre-tending to be French. Well it wasn't no use kicking up a row then; but at night we argued the matter over a can of grog, and concluded not to disgrace our flag, but to stand up for the honor of old England."

Well, when the scrimmage begun, the land lubbers called out to us to retreat. "See you damned first," says I, and Bill very quietly said he wished they might get it, which I didn't think they would. Bill Sykes as in sewing round to guard his stern, put his foot upon a piece of orange peel, and missing steps, came on his beam ends. One of the imitation party wags made a grab at him, to captivate him. When, in course, I covered my friend, and accommodated the sham mousmeer with a hoist as did not agree with him; he was one of them moutain chaps as can't stand much, for he landed among the fiddlers, and squealed blue murder. Well, after a row begun, you never know nothing till all over. Bill Sykes and I cleared out the French army in no time, and then we tipped the player people a broadside, and took the powder magazine prisoner. The cabin passengers interferred, and Bill Sykes got surrounded—but if I'd had a bigger net at the end of my musket, if I would not clean the 'baccy like 'baccy, d—n my sister's cat.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

An invitation complied with.—Mr. Littleton was at Bath, and seeing a door, with a sign to pull the bell, written over the door, he pulled it as he had so often. When the servant opened the door, he said, "Is your master at home?" The man said he was, but that he had gone to bed. Mr. Littleton said, "Please to tell him a gentleman wishes to speak with him." The servant soon returned, and said his master was dressing, and that he would be ready directly. "Oh," said Mr. Littleton, "my sister said that Mr. Oliphant called just before the bell, as it was desired."

**Disorder of the Banks from the Government.**—In the Senate to-day, on the third reading of the bill enabling the government to manage its fiscal affairs without the use of banks, the Hon. C. C. Clay of Alabama concluded the discussion on the part of the friends of the measure with some excellent and judicious views, and was followed by Mr. Southard of New Jersey. The vote was taken, and stood for the bill, twenty-six, against it, twenty. Mr. Culbert of Georgia, and Mr. Moulton of Louisiana, both of whom we believe would have supported the measure, have not attended during the session. The former, we regret to learn, has been detained by ill health.

All the important recommendations of the President's message have thus received the sanction of the Senate. So far as the House has given indications of its feelings by legislation, there is good ground to hope that it will sustain the other branches of the government. If it should be so, stability in the public finances will soon insure steadiness and security to all the money transactions of the country. The banks and merchants will operate on sound capitals of their own, and regular and safe dealing will be the consequence. Credit will take leave of its balloon and walk soberly on the earth. Paper will cease to be money, unless it can command it; and the farmer, manufacturer and mechanic, will, when they sell the produce of their toil, obtain for it something in return, not of such evanescent value that like ether, they must hasten to consume it, but of such solid and useful character as to reach their lips.—*Globe.*

**Return of Capt. Back.**—Capt. Back, the commander of her Majesty's ship Terror, who, it will be remembered, went out in June, 1836, to look for Captain Ross, has at length returned from his perilous enterprise. The hardships encountered and triumphed over, by the commander and his crew, were almost incredible; and, indeed, their return after an absence of twelve months, the greater part of time hemmed in by one impassable sheet of ice, appears all but miraculous. The following affecting and interesting narrative of their sufferings is taken from the Dublin Freeman's Journal:

"On Sunday night last, the Terror put in at Lough Swilly in an almost sinking condition, the men incessantly laboring at the pumps, and the hull of the vessel secured chains to keep her together. It appears that she was encompassed by ice at the latter end of August, 1836, at which time her crew consisted of sixty souls, including officers, who were at times exposed to the most imminent perils from the concussion of huge masses of ice, which were dashed against the vessel with tremendous violence threatening either a violent, or, in event of escape from this danger, slow but certain destruction by the appalling means of famine and cold.

Deprived of fresh provisions or vegetables of any kind, disease spread among them with a rapidity only equalled by its virulence; twenty-five of the crew were together afflicted by that well known scourge of that latitude, the scurvy, to which three of them fell victims—Donaldson, the gunner, a seaman named James Walker, and Alexander Young, a marine. No efforts on the part of the medical gentlemen who attended them could avert the consequences; and, oppressed by an accumulation of sufferings which they were unable to endure, they died under the disease. The vessel lay in that perilous situation for four months, driven to and fro near Cape Cod; then, driven by the current of ice, across Southern Island, as far south as St. John's point, off Baffin; then at the mercy of the wind and tide, through Hudson's Straits, by Charles's Island, along the Labrador coast. On the 5th of August they passed Resolution Island.

From the 20th of September, they lay surrounded, exposed to all the horrors of the Arctic climate, with the thermometer 40 degrees below zero, until the ice commenced breaking up in February, 1837. On the 15th of March, they experienced the greatest shock they had yet encountered; a mountain of ice striking the ship with the utmost violence, and sending away every intermediate barrier without the slightest perceptible effort. The decks were obliged to be lashed to each other to prevent them separating and the planks from rising from their fastenings; the stern posts, dead wood and afterpart of the keel were knocked away. In consequence of the repeated collisions the water gained on the ship, and she was shaken from stem to stern; a chain cable was passed round her to keep her together—the men constantly at the pumps to keep out the water, which at one time was seven feet in the hold. Every exertion was being made at that time to prevent her falling to pieces—men and officers all emulous, and working laboriously as they could, knowing their safety depended upon the result of their own exertions. So unrelenting and fatiguing were the toils they endured, that all were exasperated more or less.

The ship was built purposely for the expedition, being eight feet in depth through the bow and stern, two feet seven inches in the sides, with five additional bulk heads above the main deck, of four inch oak planks; two extra fore-and-aft ones of the same thickness, two feet from the side, each side filled up with twenty-five tons of coal, for additional strength and security.

By the impetus of the ice the bow was lifted up clean out of the water as far as the mainmast; her stern, as far as the stern post mark, was placed in the same predicament. In this condition she continued for one hundred days. At the expiration of the time they got a 35 foot ice saw, worked by shovels, and commenced the fatiguing operation of cutting through the bulk of ice under her, measuring in thickness more than thirty feet. On the 11th of July they had completed so much of their task as but two or three feet at the stern remained when she righted. Immediately on this, they made sail on the vessel, but a tremendous wedge remained stuck fast to her side between the fore and main chains, and they were compelled to have recourse to the saw again, not being able to free themselves by any other method. By means of purchases applied to the vast lump of ice, from under the bottom as it was freed, and according to the laws of gravitation, floated above the water, being the lighter body, throwing the vessel upon her beam ends, keeling her overboard, twenty-seven degrees, the water pouring in in alarming quantities and with frightful rapidity. All hands without distinction were immediately called in requisition; some proceeded to

saw through the piece of ice, the cause of this fresh misfortune, and some ran to the pumps.

With unremitting labor they continued these fatiguing but indispensable operations until five o'clock on the morning of the 14th when the men were so totally exhausted and dispirited by their incessant exertions that they could work no longer, having to this period cut through within ten feet. They were then called in for rest and refreshment. They had not been more than a quarter of an hour removed from the work, when a sudden disruption of the ice took place, and the mass separated from its bed, crashed with terrific violence against the ship's side, tearing to pieces the ladders and spars that intervened to protect her from this casualty, which had, in some degree been foreseen; the strong shores or logs, and three and a half inch ropes, were snapped like pack thread, and but for the merciful interposition of Providence, not a single being out of the entire ship's crew would have lived to narrate the circumstances; for, had they not been called in but a few moments before, all would inevitably have been crushed by the mass of ice on which they had just been laboring. As the ice separated from her side, the ship drifted along. A temporary rudder was fitted up, her stern posts having been carried away from the six foot mark, as well as the dead wood broken off; her stern frame so shaken that her run had to be secured by 24 and 34 inch stores, stores and new bolts, and passed fairly got to steam chains were passed round her three feet before the mizen mast, and another about the mizen mast. In the early part of the voyage home, across the Atlantic, they fortunately experienced mild weather, but subsequently it became rather unfavorable, and the ship began to leak very fast. At one period when it became necessary to take the men from the pumps for about twenty minutes, during which they were shortening sail, the carpenter reported six or seven feet of water in the hold. In an instant there was a rush made for the pumps, and all hands were busily engaged at them until they arrived at their destination. At first they directed their course to the Orkneys, but the wind proving adverse, they bore up for Lough Swilly, where they arrived on Sunday night after hardships and dangers almost unparalleled.

They had but twice seen the natives—once on their entrance to the frozen straits and once at their departure. On both occasions they trafficked with them, and to profitable account it would seem—an old piece of iron producing skins in abundance, and those who had not this commodity to offer were willing to barter their children for even a less article of value, a possession. When first immured up in the ice, they got up some plays and masquerades, but the cold and dangers which momentarily threatened them with destruction, put all idea of amusement out of the question; and as the ship was hourly exposed to shocks that left her continued safety a matter of the utmost surprise, the provisions were kept on deck, and the boats lowered ready for every emergency. On entering the harbor of Lough Swilly, the exhausted crew could scarce remain one moment longer at their posts, their unremitting labor at which had secured their safety. The coast guard on being apprised of their distressing condition, immediately boarded the vessel, and afforded most timely relief to the worn-out mariners; and her Majesty's cutter Wick, on entering soon after, sent twenty of her men for the same purpose. They endeavored to beach her, but, unable to effect their purpose, were obliged to leave her, having her main deck housing thrummed under her bottom. Seven of the sick were sent immediately on shore, where they are being treated with the utmost attention and care by the hospitable and generous islanders.

**Mysterious.**—Considerable excitement has been produced in this village by the report that a gentleman named Barber, of Coldrain, Mass., had been murdered near Manlius Centre in this county. The circumstances of the case as far as we have been able to ascertain are these.—Some time since Mr. Barber started from Albany to go to Onondaga for the purpose as stated of being married; not having arrived, fears were entertained that an accident had happened to him, advertisements were inserted in the Albany papers and circulated throughout the state, offering a reward for any information of him. These were productive of no clue to the probable fate of Mr. B., until Thursday last, when a Captain of one of the Erie Canal Boats seeing one of the advertisements, stated that a person answering the description of Mr. Barber, took passage on his boat from Albany to go to Onondaga; he expressed a wish to get off and walk for a distance, being tired of the confinement of the boat. He accordingly jumped off, and, at the same time, another person got off, (from appearance a blackleg) with him, with the intention of walking also. After a short time, the latter person again got on board, and when asked where Mr. Barber was, replied that, "being in a hurry to get married, he had gone across lots." Nothing more was thought of this at this time, and Mr. B.'s trunk taken to Buffalo, and then returned to Albany, the owner not having called for it. On Friday our citizens started out to search the swamp near the place designated, but nothing was discovered of his body. The search has been kept up by the inhabitants of the surrounding country with no present success. Mr. B. was known to have \$150 by him, how much more is not ascertained.—*Syracuse Whig, Oct. 25.*

**Stage Robberies.**—Two stages were robbed near this city, on Wednesday evening. The Telegraph line going out, was robbed of the trunk owned by Charles Norton, esp. of this city, containing clothing and papers. The Telegraph coming in was robbed of one trunk, containing \$200,000, blank notes, of the Erie Salt Company and Bank of Richmond, Ohio, also two mail bags containing only newspapers.—The trunks were found empty—the mail bags broken open, but no packages missed. The trunks and bags were in the hind boot of the stage. The valuable mails are always carried in from under charge of the traveling agent. The rifled trunks were found about six miles from the city, in a field near the road.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

**Horrid Murder.**—The city of Rochester was thrown into the most intense excitement by the discovery, on Tuesday morning, of the murdered body of Mr. Wm. Lyman, of that city. We glean the following circumstances from the Rochester papers, received by this morning's mail. Mr. Lyman, on Monday morning, received from his employer, Mr. Horace Hooker, \$5,000. He left home at 6 o'clock in the evening, with the package in his possession. In passing across a vacant lot in Clinton street, he was shot through the head, by a pistol ball—and his body dragged several yards and rifled. The robbers, however, missed the packages in his hat, but took his wallet. The report of the pistol was heard by his wife and the whole neighborhood.

Octavious Barron, a jeweller, Philip Phillips, boat builder, and Thomas Bennett a tailor, the former 17 or 18—the two others about 21, have been arrested and charged with having committed the foul deed. They are represented to be frequenters of hell and other disreputable places, and the circumstantial evidence is very strong against them. They were making efforts to leave the city—part of the bills were found in a second pile at the R. R. depot relied on the handkerchief of one of them, and some

## LIFE OF BRANT.

BY COL. STONE.

We have no doubt this will be one of the most interesting works that has been published in a long time, particularly to the people along the Mohawk Valley. The Albany Evening Journal speaks of it in the following terms:

**WARS OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY.**—It affords us pleasure to announce that Col. Stone's long promised work, the life of Joseph Brant, the Six Nations, is at length in the hands of the printer. It is to contain in connection with the life of the great Indian Warrior, a full history of the Indian and Tory Wars of the Mohawk Valley, and in fact the whole region north and west of Albany. Nor is this all. Joseph Brant was connected with the memorable Indian Wars of the North-West, from 1785 to 1796—which were closed by the splendid victory of Wayne, on the Miami, in which our own fellow citizen, Gen. Solomon Van Rensselaer, bore so gallant a part. A history of these wars, with the attending negotiations, will consequently be contained in the work of Col. Stone.

We have reason to think that the author has taken unwearied pains in the collection of his materials, and with great success. The massacres of the Mohawk Valley, of the Scholastic Kill, of Cherry Valley and Wyoming, will be given in full, together with many original letters from Brant himself, and various English, Tory and American officers. In addition to the family papers of the Mohawk Chief, Col. Stone has had the advantage of Gen. Clinton's papers, Gen. Gansevoort's and many others; and the work will, beyond a doubt, when completed, be a valuable acquisition to American history.

It will be comprised of two large Octavo volumes, and contain several elegantly engraved portraits, one of which will be a portrait of Brant in his younger days, as he appeared at court in London, in 1776. From a portrait painted for the Earl of Warwick. Another, painted by Ames in this city, in 1805.

It will contain a portrait of his son and successor, John Brant, who fought gallantly at Queenston during the late war, and died of the Cholera in 1832.

In addition to this, in connection with the siege of Fort Stanwix, it will contain a likeness of the revolutionary Gen. Gansevoort, from a portrait by Stuart, now in possession of General Peter Gansevoort, of this city, and also a likeness of Red Jacket, a sketch of whose life will conclude the work.

The expenses of this work will be heavy and a subscription has been commenced. Mr. David Holt has undertaken the agency for this city, Troy, Schenectady, and probably along the Mohawk valley. It is hoped all those who are able will patronize a work appealing at once to the feelings and the patriotism of the citizens of this State.

**How to cure a tyrannical Husband.**—Miss Macaulay, in her "Lectures on Female Character and Education," tells her audience that wives, in their behaviour towards their husbands, should "be not to tame either." She relates the following story in illustration of her doctrine. A gentleman of thirty married a girl of fifteen, over whom he was strongly disposed to tyrannize. The mutiny, one day soon after their union, being (through his own fault) a picture of his wife's aversion, he threw it dish and all, in a pet out of the window.

The spirited little girl, his wife, instantly took the table cloth by its four corners, and sent it, and all in it, after the despised and ejected mutin. Whether or not the goodly pair partook on that day of any dinner, the fair lecture does not relate, but only that ever since they have lived as man and wife ought to live—not frowningly and snappishly, but lovingly and peaceably.

Verily, a good story; yet hear now even a better, which, whatever Miss Macaulay's may be, is strictly true. My couple, about twenty years ago, had in their house three or four guineas, with which, in a noisy hour, the husband resolved to make a foolish pet. His wife a spirited little woman too, heard of this, and put the guineas into her pocket; from which by dint, not of argument, but of strength, he, after a violent struggle, succeeded in getting them out again. Having run out of the house with the money in his hand, he looked in at the window, to see how his wife was. He saw she was truly, and full of chagrin; and he, putting his face close to a pane looking right broadly and merrily. Now, he is strictly true. My couple, about twenty years ago, had in their house three or four guineas, with which, in a noisy hour, the husband resolved to make a foolish pet. 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